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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1735, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected sketches and valuable general and household paragraphs. Regarding so many topics holds in this paper, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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WOMEN WILLIAMS LADIES, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick May, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 2770, FORTRESS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dancer, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

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GEORGE McLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 223, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lieck, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Killed by Electricity.

Inspector Eugene McCrohan of the Providence Telephone Company was almost instantly killed while at work at John Jacob Astor's residence on Bellevue avenue about 11 o'clock Friday morning. He received a heavy shock by coming into contact with heavily charged wires, and died without a full recovery without regaining consciousness.

McCrohan was working on the telephone wires in the box where all wires come in, and it is supposed that he either touched one of the high tension wires or that the telephone wire became charged from the high current. He dropped unconscious, and other workmen nearby hastened to his assistance. Word was sent to the telephone company and a doctor and a priest were summoned. It was too late to render assistance, however, and he breathed his last in a few minutes without regaining consciousness.

McCrohan was a young man who had been in the employ of the telephone company for a number of years. He was regarded as very competent and careful, and held the respect of all who knew him. He made his home with his mother and sister on Maitland court. He was not married.

The registration of voters for the year 1910 was completed Thursday night and the total for the State is 44,824, which is 518 larger than last year. Newport registration is 1811 which is considerably larger than last year. Middletown this year registers 112, Portsmouth 95, Jamestown 68, Tiverton 343. There are no reports from Little Compton and New Shoreham.

The members of Palestine Temple Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, made a pilgrimage to Newport on Thursday, some six hundred strong. They were taken around the Ocean Drive and a collation was served at the Travers Bungalow on Ocean avenue, and a good time generally was enjoyed. The party returned to Providence at 8 p.m.

Congressman William Palme Bluffield has returned to Newport, Congress having adjourned.

The local strawberry crop is about at an end. Shipments of potatoes will soon begin.

The proper site for a police station is causing much discussion in this city. No one wants it next door and the people of Jamestown do not want it on Ferry Wharf.

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Independence Day.

Next Monday will be the Fourth of July, the day that is dear to the heart of boyhood, when all the noise they can make is rightly regarded as a tribute to the history of the nation. If the weather is good Newport will see a big celebration, as the committee of the board of aldermen has laid out an excellent program with something going on at all times from early morning until late at night. As the holiday comes on Monday it brings practically two holidays together, and in places where business is closed Saturday afternoons, it makes it especially convenient. There should be a large crowd of people in the city for the holidays, the hopes of those business men who enter in excursion travel being based on good dry hot weather.

The programme of the day as arranged by the aldermen committee is an excellent one. The ringing of the church bells, three times a day, which has been a feature of the observance for many years, will this year, be omitted, a fact that will be appreciated by many, especially those living near the bells.

The first official event of the day will be the street parade which will be a large and imposing one, comprising all the government forces in this vicinity. The line will be under the command of Colonel Frank P. King of the Newport Artillery, with Captain William E. Bradley as chief of staff. The parade will be started from Washington square promptly at 10 a.m., and will move over the following route: Down Washington square to Thames street, to Dearborn, to Perry, to Bellevue avenue, to Kay street, to Rhode Island avenue, to Broadway, to Miss road and counterpart to the City Hall where the line will be reviewed and the parade dismissed.

The line will be headed by a platoon of police, and then will come the Seventh Artillery Band furnishing music for the four companies of Coast Artillery from Fort Adams and Fort Greble. Next will come the Training Station Band and apprentices' drum and bugle corps heading the twelve companies of apprentices and one company of marines from the Training Station. The Newport Artillery Company will have the Newport Military Band, and following them will come the carriages containing officers of the army and navy and other invited guests. The parade will be one of the largest seen in Newport for some time.

At noon the gun squad of the Newport Artillery will fire the national salute from Long wharf. There will be plenty of sport during the day for those interested in athletics. At 11:30 there will be a ball game in some lot near Broadway, and in the afternoon there will be field sports in Morton Park for money prizes. At 6 o'clock there will be a series of cutter races in the harbor, four crews from the apprentice seamen at the Training Station participating in a four-oared race, and following this a patroled race between local entrants.

At 6 o'clock there will be an unusual event for Newport, and one that promises to attract much attention. This is a balloon ascension and a triple parachute drop by Charles Litchfield, a well known aeronaut. This will start from the lot on Bath road opposite the Beach, where all will have an excellent opportunity to see it. In the evening, during the fireworks display, there will be a second ascension from the same place, this time the balloon being equipped with fireworks which will be discharged as the balloon ascends and the parachute falls.

The fireworks display will be held near the Beach as usual and will begin at 8 o'clock. At 8:30 the balloon ascension will be held. From 9 to 11 o'clock there will be band concerts at Morton and Touro Parks and Washington square, bringing an end to a busy day.

N. E. Association.

The Forty-second Convention of the National Educational Association will be held in Boston beginning today and lasting until next Friday. The first public exercises will be held next Monday when President Taft will deliver an address in the Harvard Stadium. It is expected that there will be 50,000 people present. The leading educators of the land will take part in some of the programs during the week.

President Faunce of Brown University will deliver an address on Thursday forenoon; Satjech, Relations of Faculties and Fraternities. On Tuesday forenoon on the subject of Better Preparation for Life Needs of Industrial Demands, the discussion will be led by George H. Bryant, Superintendent of Manual Training in this city. Superintendent Lull of this city is the director for this State.

The proper site for a police station is causing much discussion in this city. No one wants it next door and the people of Jamestown do not want it on Ferry Wharf.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Bryer observed the fifty-ninth anniversary of their marriage on Monday. They were the recipients of hearty congratulations from their friends.

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The Cincinnati.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held, pursuant to law, in the Senate Chamber of the State House, Newport, R. I., at 10:30 o'clock a. m., on the Fourth of July, 1910, for the presentation of reports, election of officers, and transaction of such other business as may come before the Society.

In the afternoon at 8 o'clock the Commemorative Celebration of the 134th Anniversary of American Independence, in which the public is invited, will be held in the Representatives' Hall, at the State House, Newport. The President will make the introductory address; the Declaration of Independence will be read by ex-Governor George H. Utter. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" will be sung, as usual at the annual celebrations, by Augustus Franklin Arnold, of this Society, and the anniversary address will be delivered by the Rev. William H. P. Faunce, D. D., LL. D., President of Brown University.

The new "America," for which the gold medal of the Society was awarded in 1903, will be sung, and there will be other appropriate ceremonies. After

Drowned at Beach.

The first drowning accident of the season occurred at Easton's Beach on Wednesday when John Cole, an English butler, employed by Mr. Augustus Jay, lost his life while bathing. As he was not far out at the time, it is supposed that he must have been seized with cramps and found himself helpless in the water. A companion who went to his assistance had a hard struggle to save himself from a like fate.

Cole and a footman named Ernest Holten, were assigned to go to the Beach in the early morning and bathe before their daily duties claimed them. They were enjoying a bath Wednesday morning, Holten being further out than his companion, when he heard Cole call for help. He went to his assistance and tried to pull him out on the sand but was finally obliged to let go his hold in order to save himself. Help was secured and a boat was put out to search for the body which was found in about an hour and brought ashore but also had been extinct for some time.

Cole was a native of England but had been in this country about seven years. He had been employed by Mr. Jay as butler for something over four years and was held in high esteem by the family.

Wedding Bells.

Cometitee—Sheehan.

Mrs. Pauline Genevieve Sheehan, daughter of Mrs. Julia A. Sheehan, and Mr. Albert Renaud, Cometitee, chörister at St. Mary's Church, were united in marriage at St. Mary's on Tuesday morning. The church was completely filled by the friends of the young couple, both of whom are well known and very popular. The ceremony was performed by Father Menan, assisted by Fathers Reddy, Ternier, Coyle and Sullivan. The church was attractively decorated for the occasion.

The bride wore a white satin gown, an train, with pearl trimmings, her tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss Teresa C. Sheehan as maid of honor, and Miss Alphira Horgan as bridesmaid. Mr. Henry Comettee, brother of the groom, was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Edward P. Duran, Lawrence P. Sullivan, Cornelius C. Moore, and Jeremiah A. Sullivan.

A wedding breakfast was served at the Aquidneck and a reception was held during the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Comettee left at 5 o'clock for a wedding trip to Montreal.

Normal School Students.

Among the graduates of the Rhode Island Normal School from Newport city and county were the following: From Newport—Anna May Alger, Annie Laurie Winifred Peckham, Ella Wilson Sanford, Gertrude Sullivan, and Louise Cory Carr from Jamestown. These graduated in January.

In the June class were Lella Catherine Deon Jackau, Nelle Mabel Gleason, Ethel Collins Plummer of Newport, and Mary Frances O'Conor of Tiverton. In the Senior B Class are Agnes Buchanan, Jane Brenda Dingle, Mary Emilia Leddy, Barbara Carlotta Peckham, and Christine McDonald Urquhart, all of Newport.

Harry Brown, a recently discharged sailor in the navy, was arraigned in the police court Saturday morning and was sentenced to eleven months in the State workhouse on a charge of stealing the launch Indian, belonging to Mr. Kehler, and to thirty days more at the same institution for stealing six cans of gasoline belonging to T. B. O'Connell. The launch was recovered in Oak Bluffs, Mass., and the prisoner was brought back by Inspector Tobin to the launch, reaching Newport after a somewhat eventful trip.

Mayor Patrick J. Boyle is confined to his home on Mary street, suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. At present the attack seems to be in a light form and his friends are hopeful that he will be entirely recovered before long. Mr. Boyle has not been in good health for some time. Last winter he was compelled to submit to an operation and when he recovered he did not regain his strength as fast as his friends hoped that he might. For some days before his present illness was diagnosed as typhoid he had not been feeling well, but the disease was in such mild form that it was not at first recognized as typhoid. Friday afternoon his pulse and temperature were normal and his condition showed much improvement. He was believed to be practically out of danger.

Mrs. Katherine Frances Littlefield, of Providence, daughter of Mrs. George A. Littlefield, and Rev. Kinsley Blodgett, rector of St. Mark's Church, Worcester, were united in marriage at the Central Congregational Church, Providence, on Monday, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. They will make their home in Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Bryer observed the fifty-ninth anniversary of their marriage on Monday. They were the recipients of hearty congratulations from their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus A. Iversen expect to sail for Europe on July 7. They will make their future home in Norway.

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Recent Deaths.

Sherman M. Naso.

Sherman M. Naso, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Naso of this city, was accidentally drowned at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he was a midshipman, on Tuesday evening. His father in this city was notified of the fatality within a few hours of its occurrence, and as soon as the body was recovered he gave instructions to have it shipped to Newport.

The fatality was a most distressing one, three persons losing their lives while bathing, and the universal supposition is that the two young men sacrificed their lives while endeavoring to rescue the young woman who was their companion. Midshipman Nason of Newport, Midshipman Thomas of Georgia, and Mrs. Nelly Bowyer, daughter-in-law of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, started out in a sailing cutter belonging to the institution, for the purpose of going in bathing. A few hours after their departure a boating party from the Academy found their boat anchored near a bathing beach with no one on board.

A search was made for the persons who had set out in the vessel, and the conclusion was soon reached that they had been drowned. Searchers parties kept out through the night in an endeavor to locate the bodies, but it was not until Wednesday forenoon that they were found. Then the body of Mrs. Bowyer was found standing upright in the water, with the bodies of the two young men lying near. It is supposed that she got beyond her depth while bathing and that the two young men went to her aid with the result that all three perished.

Midshipman Nason was very popular in his class and had a splendid record in the Academy. He was in his fourth year at that institution, and while the most of the members of his class were on the sunniest practice cruise, he, as manager of the Academy rifle team, had remained behind to attend the contests with the members of the team.

The team was to have started on Wednesday for Wakefield, Mass., for their annual rifle practice and afterward would have gone to Camp Perry, Ohio, for the annual tournament.

Mr. Naso was well known in Newport, where he was born and where he received his early education. He was born on August 27, 1888, and was graduated from the grammar school in 1903, and entered the high school in the fall of the same year. Instead of graduating from that institution, he received an appointment to the Naval Academy through the efforts of Senator Wetmore, and entered there in June, 1907. He proved to be a credit to his native city, standing well in his studies, being proficient in athletics, and very highly esteemed by officers and fellow students. His death comes as a severe blow to his relatives and friends.

The body was received in Newport on Friday and was taken at once to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nuton on Gould street. The funeral services will be held at Trinity Church on Saturday, and a detail of sailors from the Training Station, headed by the Station Band will escort the remains to the grave with full military honors.

Daniel Sully.

Daniel Sully, a Newport boy who had attained a wide reputation on the dramatic stage, died at his summer home in Woodstock, N. Y., last Saturday afternoon after a considerable illness. Some months ago he had been obliged to give up his professional career and retired to his farm in the hope of regaining his health.

Mr. Sully was born in Newport about fifty-five years ago, the son of Timothy C. and Catherine Sullivans. He early displayed a fondness for entertaining the public, his first public engagement being with a circus with which he remained for only a short time however. He afterward did song and dance work in music halls for a time, and then opened out into his life work of depicting Irish life and character in simple sincere phases. Many of the plays in which he appeared were written or adapted by himself, his greatest success being attained in the "Parish Priest," which he wrote and produced about 1890. This met with instant approval of the public and had a successful run of many years being produced by Mr. Sully in all parts of the country.

Even after he left the stage, he continued to win the public approval. Previous to his production of the "Parish Priest" he had written and produced a number of others, mostly with instant approval of the public and had a successful run of many years being produced by Mr. Sully in all parts of the country.

Mr. Sully was a man of strong personality and of sterling character. He was intensely fond of his family, his love and thoughtfulness for his mother being especially pronounced. He

married Louise A. Fox, daughter of George L. Fox, who survives him. He also leaves two sisters and two brothers, Mrs. William Spicer and Mrs. Mary A. Harrington of this city, and Mr. Paul Sully of New York and Mr. Michael J. Sully of Cambridge.

Bishop William N. McVicker.

The Rt. Rev. William N. McVicker

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

... By...
Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER III.

CARSON'S LANDING.

It has always been a point of genealogical dispute as to whether, or not Theodore Carson's father was of kin to the founder of the old Carson place up Fish river.

General Carson in his lean years used to sell turpentine to his namesake at the dingy ship chandlery on the wharf near the Esava street oyster dock. On these commercial occasions the general, when mellowed by juleps, with his foot on the brass rail and his elbows on the bar, used to call the ship chandler "cousin." At other times, however, he made no bones of this opinion that the Mobile Carsons were dashed common people and branded as impudent any fool claim of kinship between the humble tradesmen and the Carsons of Marengo county. Theodore was a little bitter sometimes as he recalled the phantoms, the pursuit of which had ruined two successive owners of the estate—his general's breeding maggot and his father's curious pride in a mere name—whereupon he gave chase to a phantom of his own, with what success we shall see, and followed what his friends called a rainbow with such true Carson enthusiasm that when he left Virginia Suarez on the dock at Strong's bayou, on that sandy, deliciously dreamy, southern shore of Mobile bay, he steered through the night for a house very nearly dismantled, on an estate growing up to persimmon trees, strawberry beds and palmettoe blossoms, the very title to which was about to pass to his creditors. His ignis fatuus was in the earth among the gulf beach dunes, but neither that nor the precarious state of his fortunes could account for his alternate joy and gloom as he fared north in the night. The sky maiden was the thing that really mattered.

He wondered whether her people knew of the chance by which he and Captain Harrod had rescued the fair castaway. Probably they believed her lost. The helicopter had scarcely paused when she struck the dune, but had shot out over the gulf like a flying gull. They must mourn the girl as lost, and he had the girl's name to discover.

The Roc came coasting back in the same tardy dawn that jamped that young sunburnt to his home. Mr. Silberberg lighted and smoked countless cigarettes. Mr. Shayne nervously walked the deck and debated the question of letting Mrs. Shayne know of her niece's tragic death at once or of waiting for a personal interview. For the Roc had no word of either the helicopter or the girl, and they saw no gleam of hope for her. She was a dependent and something of a problem for Mrs. Shayne. Any ordinary circumstance that would have separated the girl and niece would not have been mourned inconsolably by either of them. In fact, Mrs. Shayne had expressed to her husband some wonder as to what Silberberg saw in the girl. But to lose her like this, with all the unpleasant publicity of the terrible affair!

"Marie will never get over it," said Shayne. "What the devil alls that fellow aft?"

The fellow aft was Wizner, inventor of the lost helicopter, disconsoling to the crew in pure assortured undulations, which he heaped on all concerned in the loss of his machine.

The light found them far down toward the lagoon, dying high for safety

was sprung with a sharp rattle. Mr. Shayne went to the speaking tube.

"We all think, sir," said the engineer, "that we've about reached the place where the young lady went out to sea."

"Mr. Silberberg thinks so, too," replied Shayne. "But I think it was west of here."

"There's a man on the beach, sir," said the engineer. "Shall we speak him?"

"Do," replied Shayne. "He may know something."

The Roc circled about like an alighting swan, all the time descending. The man seated himself on a log to await her iteration. Mr. Shayne spoke. Had he seen anything of a dying machine which went out to sea yesterday?

"It was right close hynch, sub," replied Captain Harrod.

"Did you see the young lady?" asked Shayne.

"Yes, sub."

"Was she still clinging to the helicopter when you last saw her?"

"No, sub. She wasn't clinging to nothing—with the hand to the—when Ah lost sight on hunc sub."

"Let down the lift," commanded Mr. Shayne. "I'm going down."

The three men, Shayne, Silberberg and Wizner, gathered about the elevator on the beach.

"Do you think," queried Silberberg, "that there is the slightest chance for her to be saved, my good man?"

"Ah'm slow spoke, as' it would take a half hour to tell all Ah knows, genly speakin'. But if it's just about the young lady, she tumbled out on the sand in fair shape, an' if she's made good weathah she's about b'old' the boat fr' Mobile. We was right proud to hev her as ou' guest."

"There!" shouted Wizner triumphantly. " Didn't I tell you that machine would stand grief? Struck the ground!"

"Keep out of this," commanded Mr. Shayne. "Was she hurt seriously?"

"But, I say, Mr. Shayne," protested Wizner, "don't you see that with my machine you've got the business coopered? Put your money on the helicopters and you'll!"

"Ah you Mr. Shayne?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, yes," replied Shayne. "What have you done with her?"

"A gentleman Ah'm employed by," replied the captain, "has done carried hunc ove' to the inn. Axin' yo' pardon, all you the Mr. Shayne that's called the prince of the powers of the air?"

"I reckon I am," replied Mr. Shayne irritably. "But tell us of the rescue of this dear girl. Tell us!"

While Silberberg and Shayne listened Wizner began scuttling up and down the beach. At once they signaled the Palmetto Beach wireless station, and in a moment the news came in that Miss Suarez had sent messages to Mrs. Shayne that morning and had taken an early boat for Mobile. Mr. Shayne grasped the hand of Mr. Silberberg, who sat on a log, burying his face in his hands.

"I know how you feel, old fellow," said Shayne. "And I want to say to you, my good man, I can't repay you, you know, but so far as money can go I hope you will ask, or, rather, accept!"

"Ah can't accept anything, sub," said the captain. "Thank'ee kindly. But might Ah ask what you all's goin' now?"

"Straight to Mobile," replied Shayne.

"Ah understand," went on the captain, "that you ab' interested in all sorts of flyin' craft."

"Well," answered Mr. Shayne, laughing, "got a machine that solves the problem? Most every one has."

"No, sub, but a friend o' mine right on yo' way Ah'd pow'ful well like to her you stop by an' see. He's got something. It's Mr. Theodore; my employer."

"The gentleman who took my niece to the beach?"

"Yes, sub."

"We are in a burry," urged Mr. Shayne. "We are about starting for Chicago. Won't any other time do?"

"It's right on yo' way, sub," persisted the captain, "an' it's all the fa' yo' Ah'll ask of you all. Ah leave it to you, sub, of co'se, but!"

"Will you go and pilot us to the place?"

"Ah can't ve' well leave byah, sub," replied the captain, "but if yo' pilot knows these play woods as well as he orto do sub!"

"Come and tell him the place," said Shayne incisively. "We'll go. But I tell you, my friend, your man might have spent a lot of ear fare reaching Finley Shayne!"

"Ah reckon that's so, sub," replied the captain, stepping into the lift. "He's been a stud'in' ve' heavy about the matin, sub, to a long tahn."

The discovery of the methane mixture, with ten times the explosive force of gasoline, had made ascensional and depressive screws an efficient adjunct of the aeronaut with its barely buoyant gas bag and, with the improved propellers which followed, made the old fashioned "dirigible" a fairly dependable craft in ordinary weather. It was along this line rather than by way of the heavier than air aeronef that development had marched, to the enormous enrichment of Finley Shayne, who controlled the Keewatin methane marshes.

Theodore Carson often thought of Shayne, Carson's barren estate lay under the line between Pensacola and Mobile, and above this ran the sparser drift from Atlantic and Appalachian forest points to the Mississippi sound resorts. He knew the type of every airship. Most of these huge balloons dropping like swallows into the chimney of the aerial harbor at Mobile were Shayne's handiwork, of which the Roc was the type, modeled after the early creations of Count Zeppelin. The smaller, quicker, low flying ones without the gas hot air were the still unsuccessful aeronefts of the Wright and Farman types. The scene was varied by an occasional ortho-pter with prop wings or by helicopters. The problem of life was in these various vessels, and he studied them wistfully, with a wistful look that the Roc's wild hunk

sounded thrice before he heard it. He stepped out upon the Bermuda grass, saw a refractive telephone spinning down from the great silver orb balanced in the calm sky, caught it and put it to his ear.

"Oh, Aunt Chloe!" cried he, running in for his hat and coat. "There's some one above the house asking for me, and who do you suppose it is?"

"Mout be the angel tablet," replied Chloe, "I'm what he is an' do way he blow dat hor. Ah reckon he is. He's some triflin' sky hooter. Who is dey?"

"The greate' luck you ever heard of," cried he, "Where's that new parahute? Never mind, I've found it."

Mr. Theodore ran out, stepped into the lift and was whisked up to the Roc's polished deck with his new parahute over his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

A LEAP INTO SPACE.

MRS. SHAYNE met Carson with something less than the steely coldness with which he was wont to freeze the vitals of the man representing an undeveloped business opportunity.

"I am under great obligations to you, Mr. Theodore," said he, "for your service to my niece. To be entirely frank, I should not have appropriated the time to call on any business account."

Mr. Carson felt repelled. He traced the "Mr. Theodore" to Captain Harrod's mode of referring to him.

"I am sorry," said he, "that you have gone even an inch out of your way on account of any fancied obligations. I prefer the basis of business."

"By Jove," said a voice at his elbow, "you ought to be able to meet him on that basis, Shayne."

Carson's ear was affronted, his nerves taunted by the voice. Shayne waved the man away.

"But," went on Silberberg, "it seems to me, old chap, we'd vastly better put the whole thing on a basis of breakfast first. Send this good man aft and let's fall to."

Carson wheeled round and stared Silberberg in the face curiously, with the impersonal disfavor of one studying the picture of some noxious thing, like a Gila monster or a feast of vultures.

"Thank you," said Theodore. "I have breakfasted, and in good company."

"By glory, my man," shouted Silberberg, "if you say another word!"

Carson turned upon him, and Silberberg sank into a seat. Carson walked back to the engine room, saying that he would look the craft over and see Mr. Shayne after breakfast.

Silberberg conceived himself vastly insulted by this fellow who had picked up and given his host rather a bad half hour.

"We owe it to him to allow him to be a little nasty," said Shayne. "Think what he did for Virginia, you know, Silberberg."

"By Jove," cried Silberberg, "I would rather she had—or that is, I would not allow any service even to her to atone for such an insult. I don't allow any one to—He must leave the Roc, Shayne, or I will."

"But his machine may be worth while," urged Shayne, using what he judged would be valid argument with his guest. "An idea is an idea, Max, and this art of flying needs improvement."

"No idea," insisted Max, "is worth that much. Suit yourself, Mr. Shayne, but as for me—"

Silberberg waved his hand, closing the debate. As they rose they detected Wizner standing behind them, bat in hand, as if awaiting a word with them, or eavesdropping, as the case might have been.

"Well," said Shayne rather angrily.

"I just wanted to say," replied Wizner, "that I know what this young fellow's proposition is. And if you don't find him reasonable to deal with come to me. I've seen his model. It isn't protected, of course, and I can build one like it in a few weeks—with money enough. I'll learn him to butt in and take a customer from me!"

"When inventors fall out," began Shayne.

"Monopolists get their hooks in," supplied Silberberg. "Let's take the fool north and see what he's got."

"Most sensible thing you've said," replied Shayne.

Carson waited in gloom silence until the second descent of the lift, refusing to occupy it along with Silberberg. Shayne urged him to stay aboard for the night trip to Chicago.

"The weather north," said Shayne, "is the mildest known for March. We can discuss your project, Mr. Theodore, over our bigheals going up. Come with us."

"Very well, said Mr. Theodore, he would go with many thanks.

He wondered about the niece and Silberberg, but he asked no questions. He strode directly to the lift and went aboard the Roc. It was late in the afternoon when they took on two ladies—Psyche and Mrs. Shayne. The ladies vanished into the cabin with Silberberg.

"What do you think of the weather?" asked Shayne of Carson.

"The low has reached Omaha," replied Carson, "and has deepened rapidly. We ought to get into site south winds soon, increasing all the way."

"Let 'em increase," rejoiced Shayne. "We'll make port galeker. If it should be northerly weather, now—"

"We'd have to moor!" queried Carson.

"Naturally."

"What I'm going to talk to you about," said Carson, "is a machine that could make Chicago against the fiercest gate quicker than this flying palace can do it tonight."

"Oh, yes," lightly replied Shayne. "I've had 'em offered me that would do it in an hour—in the inventor's mind."

The earth was a concave cup with the setting sun a dimpling with its rim. To the north was a huge black accumulation of clouds which started swelling with startling rapidity. The weatherwise aviators knew it to be their own heading right with the clouds, and the clouds were with the earth.

"Be careful how you speak of her," said he, "or I'll throw you over the side. Mr. Shayne, permit me to say that you are a cur. I shall leave this craft at once!"

He started to go on deck, but as if reconsidering he turned and rapped on the door through which Virginia had disappeared. The girl opened it and looked breathlessly into Theodore's face.

speed, giving them the swift upward which whirled the approach of a storm. The silence was absolute save for the muffled exhaust of the engines and the purr of the driving screw astern, for the Roc kept pace with the blast, and the light breeze that swept her decks was from prow eastwardly to stern as she edged up into the great cyclone whirl and outrooted the wind.

Carson walked aft. Looking rather concerned, the engineer was turning his ear downward, listening to the sullen roar that now droned up from the ground.

"A dewe of a wind," said he to Carson. "Hear it howl, and not a leaf stirrin' up here."

"Yes," assented Carson, listening. "It is blowing. But what of it?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the engineer, looking at the manometer, "only—did you ever try to bring one of these gas bags to in a gale, not to mention nursing her into the boss' Chicago garage? Hey?"

"No," answered Carson. "It must be difficult."

The young man wanted his serious talk with Shayne. So far they had spoken nothing but generalities, and he felt frustrated, held off, played with as a skillful fencer plays with a novice. And he had had no talk with Psyche. This made him irritable.

Miss Suarez stood by the rail looking off into the blackness, her hair heavy with a mist now just becoming perceptible. Mrs. Shayne from the cabin door looked forth at the young woman with distinct displeasure, for Virginia had just said a very naughty thing to Mr. Silberberg in a golf discussion which had unaccountably aroused her temper. And up walked young Carson to take things worse.

Virginia, taking him a face hot with anger, stood looking at him a moment. Then all the displeasure faded away, and something quite treacherous with it took its place. Because she held out both hands and looked so divine Carson took them and held them close.

"My robber!" she whispered. "Are you a stowaway? Are you escapin'?"

"Psyche! Psycho!" he gushed. "Oh, I'm glad! And you are well!"

Mrs. Shayne called Virginia. "Please come in," said she. "It's wet out there."

Mr. Carson gave Virginia his arm, and she swept into the cabin.

"Uncle Finley," said she, "I don't know how he happens to be aboard, but this is—it's my—"

"We know," said Mr. Shayne. "We picked up your deliverer down in the woods, Virginia."

"Oh!" said she. "Then I—"

"You were the only one, it seems, in ignorance of Mr. Theodore's presence. We have some business to talk over. What's up, Willett?"

TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body set in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in New York Good Store and the regular \$1.00 size bottle.

Samples, enough for trial, freely mailed.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Magic Eye Salve for all Diseases or Infirmities of the Eye, Etc.

New England Navigation Co.

FOR NEW YORK—
ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE. Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 9:15 A.M.; Sundays 10 P.M. Steamers COMONWEALTH and PRISILLA, Ornechart on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

WICKFORD LINE...

WATER and RAIL ROUTE

Steamer GENERAL

from Long Wharf.

Week days only A.M. P.M. P.M.
Newport (Str.) 4. 6.00 10.5 7.00
Wickford Junc. 11.15 2.15 8.82
Wickford Junc. 11.40 2.35 9.00
New London, Ar. 12.35 8.45 10.30
New Haven, Ar. 1.50 4.60 11.65
New York, Ar. 8.50 7.00 n.1.65
P.M. P.M. A.M.
Arrives Harlem River Station.FOR BLOCK ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE—
ALL WATER ROUTE

STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM

ONE-ALIVE SERVICE A LA CARTE

Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days 11:15 a.m., Sundays 11:40 a.m., due Block Island week days 1:15 p.m., Sundays 1:40 p.m., returning leave Block Island week days and Sunday 2:30 p.m., due Newport 6:40 p.m., Providence 7:15 p.m.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 272 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamer.

C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.

F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York.

1-8

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect June 16, 1910.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 4:00 p.m., then every thirty minutes until 10:00 p.m., then 11:15 p.m.

Sundays, 7:00 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Fall River, via City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 8:00 a.m., then every thirty minutes until 11:20 p.m.

Sundays 6:50 a.m., then same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 8:00, 8:15, 8:30 a.m. and 10:30, 11:45 and 11:00 p.m., Sundays 8:30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner 4:22 and 4:37, 5:12, 6:07 and 11:22 p.m., Sundays 10:52, 11:37 and 11:21 p.m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6:30 a.m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10:30 a.m., Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6:20, 6:45 and 8:15 a.m. and every 15 minutes 10:30 a.m., Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7:00 a.m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10:45 a.m., Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6:15 a.m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11:15 a.m., Sundays 6:45 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6:22 a.m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11:15 a.m., Sundays 6:50 a.m. and then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. SELDELL,

General Superintendent.

C. L. HIBBLE, Division Superintendent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 1, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Tiverton and Boston week days, 6:30, 8:30, 10:22, 11:02 a.m., 1:02, 3:47, 5:18, 6:18, 8:30, 10:22, 11:02 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave Fall River and Tiverton 6:47, 8:02, 10:22 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave Middletown and Portsmouth 6:47, 8:02, 10:22 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave Providence 6:47, 8:02, 10:22 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave Providence (via Fall River) 6:47, 8:20, 9:02, 11:02 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave New Bedford 6:47, 8:20, 9:02, 11:02 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave Providence 6:47, 8:20, 9:02, 11:02 a.m., 1:02, 2:47, 3:32 p.m.

Leave B. R. POLLOCK, A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residence or place of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro St., near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

W. M. S. FLETCHER, M. T. T. M. T. T.

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

breeze of Ceylon. To heel, and if thy heavy hoof but scrape the gravel to betray our flight than die, and all thy wad is gobled by the privy coffer of the emporium. To heel!

With a swift darting movement the stranger turned and, followed obediently by Carson, went across to a building which Theodore guessed to be a greenhouse. His guide opened the door and stood back with elaborate courtesy that Carson might precede him. Entering, Theodore found himself among beds of flowers which filled the house.

"It is too 'dark,'" said his guide, rejoining him, "to make the exchange of cards more than an empty and invisible formality. Yet I would fain know more of you than the bright and snappy technique of your tooth chattering."

"I don't understand," answered Carson. "I came here by accident."

"Quite so," interposed his interlocutor. "Let's sit down by the American Beauty bed—there. If we might strike a match, now, I estimate that half us lush logg'd derelicts go ashore here in a state, to coin a word, of over eyed woodiness. I may say that I came myself by accident and without meaning to do so—or otherwise. I must have a smoke?" Then came the scratch of the match as with nervous, unsteady movements the stranger lighted the weed.

He was a medium sized person, with deep set eyes flickering from their caverns with a blunted sharpness. His face was sallow and colorless, with hollows in the cheeks. His nose was irregularly notched in profile, like the stub of something else broken off his face.

"My name is Carson," said Theodore, "and I am from the south, from Alabama." —

"Craighead is mine," rejoined the other. "I am from here and elsewhere. There are twenty places where I might vote were there any question under the sun worth voting on. I think I may venture to give you, sir, as my permanent residence, until further notice only, the Rat Mort, Paris."

"I—" began Carson.

"The Rat Mort," interposed Craighead. "One deep midnight in the dear, dread past beyond recall I was ejected from the Rat Mort because my conduct was not up to the theretofore undis-

"I am not Mr. Wylie," retorted Carson. "I am Theodore Carson, as I said, and I—" —

"This matter of names is so complicated," quavered Mr. Evans, pushing up his cuffs as if about to attempt some feat of physical prowess. "No man drawin' my pay can be expected to work it out. I git awful small wages, Mr. Wylie. My duties is simple. You git your tonic an' treatments regular an' keep hours. A whole lot of gentlemen comes here under special names."

Mr. Craighead rapped and entered.

"I quite agree with the remarks of my querulous friend, Mr. Evans," said Mr. Craighead. "Your position, Mr. Carson, is an equivocal one. The question is, what's your field?"

"It is aeronautics," replied Theodore. "I have devised the first, effective aeronaut." —

"Very interesting," returned Craighead. "I have made that a specialty. I know the defects of the present day aeronefts, and I understand the failure of the gas supported aerostats, except as toys for us parasite capitalists. But so the point in controversy. Are you the Fulton of the empyrean or the Edison of the hot air? Mr. Evans' porcine tonality has expressed the only conclusion open to him—to accept the Wylie theory as a working hypothesis and to work it at the regular price. This class go for the best available.

This, of course, is rudimentary advice and certainly not original. The youngest caddie at St. Andrews has learned to request his master to keep his eye on the ball and not to press. The trouble is that no amount of book teaching will make you follow this advice.

There is only one way to hit a golf ball. You must watch a good player and imitate what he does. Most beginners make the serious mistake of taking lessons from professionals who watch their pupils play and try to correct them. The pupil will get twice as much good out of the lesson if he would watch the professional play and think as little as possible about himself.

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The easiest, says Outing—indeed, the only satisfactory—way of curing all these faults is to go out and watch some first class experts play. If you cannot find any expert of the first class go for the best available.

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The human being is naturally imitative. If you sit and watch a good tennis match between first class players you will unconsciously match your stroke better the next time you take up a racket. With golf this is particularly true, because nothing is so important as the rhythmic timing of the stroke which distinguishes a good player from bad.

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Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. BANHORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, July 2, 1910.

Two more stars on the flag will make forty-eight, another proof that there was no bad luck connected with the original thirteen.

Speaking of new parties, what has become of the Liberal Republicans, the Greenbackers, the Mugwumps, the Populists and the Sixteen-to-Owners?

Harvard has had a great commencement this week. With ex-President Roosevelt, Gov. Hughes and J. Pierpont Morgan for lions the cages of notables were certainly well filled.

It must be a sad and uninteresting trip for a leveller of the deep to return to the other side of the Atlantic after bringing Roosevelt home.—Exchange.

But what a relief!

"The only way an ambitious man can attract attention these days is to fly higher and stay in the air longer than any other aviator has done."

Roosevelt seems to have no trouble in attracting attention yet, and he only flies in imagination.

Harry Whittier has taken a barrel of gunpowder to the Arctic region with him. This firecracker trip to an Eskimo may result in giving us the whole truth of how Dr. Cook never discovered the pole.

Yes, and ought to enable him to bring the pole home with him.

No anxiety is felt at present on the subject of providing means by which the ex-President may be prevented from rusting out. We have but one, now, and he will not only not rust out himself, but he will not let anybody else rust out if he can help it.

A petition asking Mr. Bryan to stand for the United States Senate is being circulated and signed in Nebraska. Mr. Bryan may conclude to stand. He has tried running and may want to change his tactics.—Exchange.

The result will doubtless be the same. In either case, "You pay your money and take your choice."

After all, it was love's labor lost. The New York Legislature laughed at Roosevelt's strenuous efforts and voted against the direct nomination and primary law. The final vote on the bill was 60 against to 33 in favor. The Assembly voted to adjourn yesterday at 2 o'clock. And it is said that Governor Hughes proposes to call them together for the third time.

We thought so. The illustrious Colonel cannot keep his hands off. Neither can he keep out of politics. He promised he would do so, and only a few days ago reiterated the promise. But it is no use. Just now he is jumping into the fight to help Gov. Hughes persuade an obstinate legislature pass a primary law for the State of New York. What he will do next remains to be seen. At any rate he won't keep still.

Congressman Foss says he will neither be a candidate for Governor or for Congress this fall. It will. The country has had enough of him, even in the short time he has been in the limelight. In this connection it may do well to remark that this great "reformer," who is the employer of many men, has refused to reduce the hours of labor of his employees to eight hours a day. They now work twelve hours a day seven days in the week.

In many parts of the State this year the tax authorities are going to make a vigorous attempt to collect the poll taxes. This is a tax of one dollar on every male citizen in the city or state, who pays no other tax. The person is liable for the tax just the same whether the registrars are not. This year the tax can be taken right from the census list and the poll tax thus accurately made up. The poll tax money all goes for the support of the public schools and should all be collected.

It is from the express rates between Newport and the outside world were investigated. Since the Adams got control of this territory the rates have gone up 25 per cent, and that without any reason. The rates charged are likewise very uneven. Some favored shippers get very much less rates than others. The interstate commerce law as far as being of any real benefit to the shipper is a delusion. There is a great amount of talk abroad about reform but the public in general has yet to receive the first benefit of all this agitation.

The hearings before the Massachusetts railroad commissioners this week in regard to the request of the Grand Trunk road for permission to build from Palmer to the Rhode Island line have been lively ones. Large representations were present for most of the towns on the line, and all put in pleas for the Grand Trunk. The managers of the Grand Trunk scheme were very cautious in their pronouncements. When asked by the commissioners if they would pledge that the road would be built, Mr. Fitzhugh replied that it was the intention of his company to build the road. Intentions may be changed, however, very easily and quickly sometimes.

Not Asked For.

Congress has passed a postal savings bank bill, mainly because President Taft wanted it, and not because there was an abounding enthusiasm for the measure. The Republican national convention of 1908 favored the project, as a sort of offset to Mr. Bryan's deposit guarantee fantasy, and Mr. Taft, having somehow insisted the notion that a platform is to stand rather than to get in, insisted that the promise should be kept. Outside of Congress, the project had a few rather servile champions, mostly gentlemen of the uplift species, but such general backing, as expressed, was manifestly manufactured and perfunctory. Evidence that "the masses," in whose behalf this law is supposed to be made, actually care much about it, is conspicuously lacking. Its passage is rather remarkable demonstration of how a few determined persons, knowing what they want, can secure legislation concerning which the country as a whole takes little interest. (New Bedford Standard).

Now that the people have got the law what will it amount to? No one can have a deposit exceeding five hundred dollars and they can draw only two per cent. interest. The money received by the post office department, which becomes the custodian of these funds, is to be deposited in local banks. This would seem to be a very roundabout way of doing what the individual could do, that is, deposit the money himself in the Savings Banks and draw his four per cent. interest instead of dividing the sum with the government. To our mind there never was any call for the Postal Savings Bank law.

When the States were Admitted

The bill creating the two new States of Arizona and New Mexico became a law on Monday, June 20, when Mr. Taft signed it in the presence of the chairman of the Committee on Territories of the two Houses, the delegates from Arizona and New Mexico, and a number of other interested witnesses. The signing of the bill was naturally occasioned great rejoicing among the people of the territories, who have long desired the privileges of statehood. Arrangements for the calling of constitutional conventions are already under way, and it is expected that constitutions will be adopted by the people in time to lay them before Congress early in the session opening in December. Indeed, active campaigns for the parts to which the new States will be entitled in the national legislature have already begun.

The admission of the two new States will leave no territories in the United States between the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Canadian and Mexican boundary line, with the single exception of the Federal District in which the national capital is located and which is under the direct control of Congress. There still remain, it is true, the territories of Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico, but they are outlying possessions and do not form parts of the geographic unity which will be governed by a uniform system after the President shall have issued his proclamation declaring the constitutions adopted by the new States satisfactory. From this point of view the enactment of the latest statehood bill is a matter of more than usual interest, and may be said to mark an epoch in the history of the organization of government in the great federal republic.

At such a stage it may not be without interest to glance at the steps by which the rights and privileges secured to the original states under the Constitution have been extended to others. Of the original states, three, viz., Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, ratified the Constitution in December, 1787; eight, namely, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia and New York, ratified the instrument in 1788; and North Carolina and Rhode Island adopted the fundamental law in the years 1789 and 1790, respectively.

The first of the new states to be admitted was Vermont, which came in in 1791. The extension of the population toward the west was recognized by the admission of Kentucky in 1792 and Tennessee in 1796, and at the close of the eighteenth century the Union comprised sixteen states. In the course of the first decade of the nineteenth century only one new state was admitted, namely, Ohio. In 1803, but six were admitted in the next ten years, namely, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, Illinois in 1818, Alabama in 1819 and Maine in 1820.

Missouri was admitted in 1821, but other State came into the Union until 1830, when Arkansas was let in, closely followed by Michigan in 1837. The year 1845 saw the admission of Florida and Texas; Iowa entered in 1846; Wisconsin in 1848 and California in 1850. Minnesota was admitted in 1858, and Oregon in 1859. The following decade witnessed the admission of four States, namely, Kansas in 1861, West Virginia in 1863, Nevada in 1864 and Nebraska in 1867. For more than twenty years after this date only one State joined the sisterhood, namely, Colorado, in 1876. In 1880, however, four States were admitted, namely, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington. In the following year, 1890, Idaho and Wyoming reached statehood rank; in 1896 Utah was admitted, and after an interval of eleven years Oklahoma became the forty-sixth State, in 1907. The accession of New Mexico and Arizona will increase the number of stars on the flag to forty-eight, and, as has been said, will place under a uniform system of State governments the contiguous mainland territory of the United States.

By the will of Miss Anne Flower Paul which was filed for probate in this city on Thursday, several public bequests are made, including \$2000 to the Zabriskie Memorial Church as an endowment fund, and \$1000 to the rector of that church to be distributed among the poor at his discretion. Rev. Charles F. Brattie is also given an annuity of \$600. The estate on Washington street is given to her niece, Miss Anna Hunt Paul of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Alexander S. Clarke is occupying her villa, "Beechwood," for the season.

War on Tariff Foolish.

Vague theories and pet notions about the course of the prices of articles that enter into expenditures for food and other necessities are little to the purpose, as all who undertake to investigate the subject soon find. The problem has numerous phases, and confusing the explanation to any one is a task proceeding. Some of the figures offered are from interested sources and exaggerated or masked by concealments. A bureau connected with the Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued the annual government report on wholesale prices in 1909 which embraces 257 commodities and follows their changes in value with exactness. Few would guess that this list shows a decline of 2.8 per cent. compared with the year 1907, or that the wholesale prices in 1907 were the highest for any period in the last fifteen years. In the year 1908 the wholesale price of the 257 commodities was 2 per cent. lower than in 1909, and here again the smallness of the margin will surprise those whose views are indefinite or conjectural.

Wholesale prices are not those with which average consumers are best acquainted, but their study is essential to a true understanding of the case. It is proposed to make the cost of living a campaign issue, but if the point of attack is not on the manipulation of the market, but on the withdrawal of the right of the government to withdraw public lands for conservation purposes. Under this act the President was granted power to withdraw lands from settlement and to exercise the water power, and at the same time the act provided for the agricultural entry of coast lands which will open to settlement. It is said, as much as sixty million acres, reserving at the same time the coal right to the government.

The increase of the Navy, while not including many ships of the first class, was significant in the fact that there were appropriations for two battleships of 27,000 tons each. These are to be armed with 14-inch guns, which it is said will make them more formidable than any battleships on the seas. There were appropriations also for four torpedo-boat destroyers, two colliers and four submarines, and an increase of three thousand seamen was provided for in the bill.

The Publicity campaign bill is considered one of great importance that candidates must within a short time after election publish the amount of campaign contributions.

A bill authorizing an appropriation of twenty millions in certificates of indebtedness to constitute reclamation projects was passed.

A bill creating a Bureau of Mines.

A bill appropriating \$250,000 for the support of tariff board was another of the President's bills that had much opposition before it was finally passed.

Bills looking to the suppression of

traffic in white slaves, providing a new tariff system for the Philippine Islands, promoting prohibition in the Hawaiian Islands, creating a commission to consider economies in the management of the national government, were other important enactments.

\$200,000 was appropriated for the raising and removal of the wrecked

battleship Maine in Havana Harbor.

Among the measures which failed to pass, although it was well known that the President favored them, was a ship-subsidy bill; an anti-injunction bill; a bill for a new form of government in Alaska also in Panama; also bills to create a bureau of health; providing increased rates of postage for second-class mail matter and to establish the Appalachian Forest Reserve.

Taken all in all, this has been a remarkably strenuous Congress, and there is no doubt but that a record has been set which will be a stimulating example to succeeding Congresses.

Apart from the reformative and progressive legislation above referred to, Congress has in a conspicuous way reformed itself as a deliberative and parliamentary body.

It has taken power from the Speaker. It has reformed its system of conducting business, and its organization for work is more effective now than it was at the beginning of the session. The Speaker has been removed from the Committee on Rules and a new rule has been adopted which, it is thought, will prevent withholding bills by committees when such bills have the approval of the majority of the House without regard to party.

This will be more than usual force and only a little less in extent and intensity than the preceding storm. But comparatively it will be a dry storm and its principal energies will be expended in evaporation and drought.

Between the first and last described disturbances will come the coolest part of July almost exactly when the hottest part of the year usually prevails.

As that cool wave comes in much needed rain will visit a few places.

During the passage of the last described disturbance the rains will not be general and only a few scattered places will get relief from the drought.

The temperature will progress upward from July 10 to 30, and drought west of Allegheny will grow more and more intense. Not in all parts but in large sections of the great central valley.

The rains of July may be expected before July 12 and after July 12 large parts of the best corn sections will be afflicted with drought and corn will be injured by dry weather. But the rains will be only temporary and the drought will return to torment the farmer and the dealer.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 10, cross Pacific slope

by close of 11, great central valleys 12

to 11, eastern sections 15. Warm wave

12 to 11, cool wave 7 to 11. This will be the most severe disturbance of July, particularly in and west of the great central valleys. It will bring the most general rains of the month and will seem to indicate a break up of

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SINCEREST FRIENDSHIP

Manifested at Meeting of Taft and Roosevelt

MR. PRESIDENT AND THEODORE

About All That Was Heard by Newspaper Man When Former President and Successor Clasp Hands—Politics Talked During Two Hour and a Half Conference, but the Public Is Not Enlightened as to Results

Beverly, Mass., July 1.—Senator Lodge's limousine car rolled up to the steps of President Taft's summer home yesterday afternoon, and almost before the wheels had stopped out jumped Theodore Roosevelt.

Five quick steps and he was on the veranda. A couple more and the screen door swung open. Out walked President Taft, and the two greatest men in the country stood face to face.

The Taft smile and the Roosevelt grin started together.

"Mr. President," it was Roosevelt who spoke first and the greeting came from the heart. "Theodore," exclaimed the president.

And as right gripped right they patted each other affectionately on the shoulder. Then they laughed and carried on in a way that left not a single lingering doubt as to the sincerity of their friendship.

"It used to be 'Mr. President' and 'Will,' didn't it?" cried the colonel. "But now it's 'Mr. President' and 'Theodore.'"

And still hand in hand and with a couple of affectionate pats the president led his old friend and distinguished guest to the side veranda facing the ocean.

There, seated in two comfortable rocking chairs, the president, who was and the president who is rocked and talked and talked and rocked for two hours and a half.

And for two hours and a half the most momentous political conference of the new twentieth century was on while American people waited for the answer to the widely disseminated prophecies as to what was going to happen. Politically they are still waiting.

But if there is anything in friendship, if there is anything in appearances, in short, if there is any way of telling how one man really feels for another, the answer was given yesterday.

White House attaches, who witnessed the meeting said it was just like the old days when the president was secretary of war and Roosevelt his chief.

For the first time in sixteen months they were alone. Their heads were close together and the gestures and nods were frequent and emphatic.

But scarcely a moment passed that their voices were not ringing with laughter and both would lean back and let forth their happiness to their hearts' content.

As if the domestic touch only were needed, Mrs. Taft served tea on the veranda. Mrs. Taft, Secretary Norton and Senator Lodge sat about the wicker table and a more merry party would be difficult to find.

And Senator Lodge, infallible friend and counsellor of the two, sat by and looked on almost benignly. Perhaps none enjoyed the meeting more than he.

Colonel Roosevelt was still in the spirit of the renewed association with the president when he started back to Nahant to spend a second night with Senator Lodge.

As he was leaving the grounds of the president's cottage a group of newspaper men, each willing to give all he hoped to possess for some word of what had really been talked of inside the gates, approached them.

"I had a most pleasant time with the president," he exclaimed. "There is really nothing to say, is there, Cabot?" turning to Senator Lodge.

"No, I think not," put in the senator.

"We had a most delightful time, and that's all there is to it," added the colonel. "It was an ordinary, friendly, personal conversation," he added, in response to a persistent questioner.

Following the colonel's departure, Secretary Norton came out, as he said, in response to a request from the president, "to appear the newspaper men and to answer any but too personal questions."

From what Norton said it was plain that Taft and Roosevelt were in perfect agreement in regard to the stand of Governor Hughes on direct nominations.

But further than that Norton refused to go and intimated strongly that there was to be not a word to the nature of the subjects discussed.

FIGHT FOR LODGE'S SEAT

Congressman Ames Announces His Candidacy For the Senate

Washington, June 27.—Congressman Butler Ames has declared war on the senior senator from Massachusetts and the Republican Lodge machine of the Bay State.

The Lowell leader defiantly announced his position in a statement in which he gave out his candidacy for the seat in the senate now held by Mr. Lodge.

He explained that he was moved to this speedy action by the news of the Lodge Neutonians being already at work upon state representatives and senators for the re-election of Lodge.

In announcing his candidacy Ames declares that Lodge is the servant of great financial interests and charges him with aiming to crush all his rivals.

JOHN W. DANIEL

Virginia Statesman
Was a War Veteran



SENATOR DANIEL DEAD

His Life Ends With an Attack of Cerebral Hemorrhage

Lynchburg, Va., June 30.—John W. Daniel, United States senator from Virginia, died at 10:25 last night, his death being due to a recurrence of paralysis. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral hemorrhage.

Senator Daniel, the senior Democrat of the senate, always entered the senate chamber on crutches. He lost a leg in the Wilderness when serving in the Confederate army. He had been a member of the senate since 1887.

WHITE SLAVER GETS EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Woman He Claims Is His Wife Will Be Deported

Boston, July 1.—Max Peretz, whose arrest was caused by the agents of the Watch and Ward society, was sentenced to eighteen months in the house of correction on the charge of enticing Mrs. Julia Abrams, a detective in the employ of the society, to go to Patagonia as a "white slave."

Frieda Peretz, whom Peretz claimed was his wife, and who figured as the "white slave" in the trial, was no more than released from custody on the statutory charge on which she had been on trial with her alleged husband than she was arrested by Inspector Leonard of the United States immigration service.

Her arrest was based upon the fact that she was an alien and was earning her livelihood by improper means. She will be deported.

CUPID MAKES A RECORD

June Marriage Licenses Issued In Boston Reached Total of 1144

Boston, July 1.—Cupid broke all of his previous "June bride" records in the Hub last month, while Death added to the month's distinction by making the poorest showing that he has made in any similar month in this city in many years.

Last month just 1144 marriage licenses were issued by City Registrar McGlennan and his assistants, as against 1036 in June, 1908, which was the best previous record.

Last year but 78 marriage licenses were issued in this city in the month of June.

CONVICTED OF BRIBERY

Jury Returns Verdict of Guilty In Case of Lawrence Alderman

Salem, Mass., June 29.—A verdict of guilty against Samuel Kress of Lawrence on charges of bribery and attempt to bribe was returned by a superior criminal court jury here.

Kress was arrested recently with Mayor White of Lawrence and several other citizens of that city, all of the defendants being charged with bribing former Aldermen Legende and Woeckel of Lawrence in an attempt to have Chief Hamilton of the Lawrence fire department discharged.

Chief to Have Biggest Warship

London, July 1.—Chile has commissioned Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. to lay down forthwith the world's record battleship. The vessel will be 32,000 tons and will have a speed equal to or exceeding the fastest warship afloat. The ship will cost \$15,000,000.

Lancaster Girl a Suicide

Lancaster, Mass., June 28.—Following her being disciplined for a slight misconduct, the body of Eva Smith, 16 years old, was found hanging from a clothes hook in her room at the state industrial school for girls here.

Banker Kills Former Marshal

Kansas, Okla., July 1.—As the result of an old grudge, C. H. Pratt, cashier of the Bank of Kansas, shot and killed Dick Terry, formerly a deputy United States marshal.

Hyde Is Denied New Trial

Kansas City, June 30.—Judge Latshaw refused to grant Dr. B. G. Hyde's motion for a new trial. He was convicted for the murder of Colonel Swaine and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Forty Thousand Miners May Strike

Pittsburg, July 1.—A strike of 40,000 miners of Pittsburg district may take place July 4.

HARVARD'S DAY ON THE THAMES

Crimson Crews Win All Three Races From the Blues

FALE PUT UP GOOD BATTLE

Led in Varsity Eight Race For Two Miles, When Strength of Harvard Men Enables Them to Make Magnificent Spurt and Hold the Lead to the End—Varsity Four and Freshmen Races Captured by Crimson

New London, July 1.—Harvard's supremacy on the water was driven home to the very heart of Yale when the great shell of the Cambridge varsity eight, driven along as though by powerful engines, swept over the finish of the four-mile course on the Thames three lengths ahead of the defeated, but doggedly fighting Blue warriors. The official time was: Harvard, 20:46½; Yale, 21:4.

Three times yesterday the Blue of Yale was trampled in defeat behind the Crimson of Harvard. It was an exact repetition of the humiliation that Old Eli had visited upon her here a year ago, and the sting bit deep. Yale lost with the courage that has always been hers, however, and her defeat was honored by the plaudits of general rivals as well as by the thundering slogans of her myriad supporters.

Harvard's joy knew no bounds when the last of the three victories was scored. Every Harvard yacht along the line tied its whistle down and every Harvard rooster in the miles of humanity that massed the river banks unleashed all the voice that was his, while the flashing of crimson flags, pennants, handkerchiefs and ribbons filled the eyes as completely as the din smote the ears. It was Harvard's day and Harvard knew it.

The two crews paddled up to the start just before 4:30. Yale got away in the lead and soon left clear water between her shell and that of Harvard. The lead was quickly increased to a length and a half.

Harvard hit up the pace, however, and at the mile was only a length behind. At the two miles, half of the race completed, Harvard was slowly but surely cutting down the lead. The Yale crew seemed to weaken. The boasted strength of the Crimson men began to tell.

Yale was pulling a thirty-six stroke

as she passed the navy yard. Harvard also had a thirty-six stroke as the crews turned the bend in the river.

Yale then gained strength again and increased the lead to a length and a half, pulling steadily. But Harvard, after a magnificent spurt, took the lead after the two-mile stage. Yale then splashed badly and Harvard shot a length and a half to the good. Near the three miles, Harvard was still in the lead and going strongly.

She soon increased the lead to 2½ lengths. It looked as if Yale was almost all in, but suddenly the Blue eight spurted and cut down the lead to one length.

A quarter of a mile from the finish, Harvard was two lengths ahead and Yale hit up the pace to thirty-eight, splashing badly. That was the end for Harvard, rowing like a machine, swept on and won by three lengths.

Wallace, stroke of the Yale crew, collapsed and had to be cared for as the race ended.

The freshman eight-oared race, the first event on the day's program, went to the Harvard youngsters by two lengths. The time was: Harvard, 10:54½; Yale, 12:02.

The four-oared varsity race was won by Harvard after one of the most remarkable races ever witnessed on the Thames river in all the years Harvard and Yale have been meeting on the water. The Crimson crew, after being always in the rear, won the race in the last half mile, rowing the Yale four to pieces.

In the last eighth of a mile Harvard, by magnificent rowing, passed the Yale four and thereafter made a runaway of it. Harvard won by six lengths, going away all the time and finishing in grand shape. Yale, on the other hand, was outgamed and outrowed at the finish and her crew was badly used up. Time: Harvard, 12:57; Yale, 14:18.

Both were clean-cut races that were a credit to any crew to win.

Autolist Killed on Crossing

Biddeford, Me., June 27.—Jesse C. Murdoch of Brockton, Mass., a traveling salesman, was struck by a train while he was crossing the track near Grover station in his automobile, receiving injuries from which he died in hour later.

Two Schooners Burned

Flames Spread From Icehouses, Which Are Also Destroyed

Richmond, Me., June 29.—Two four-masted schooners and the same number of icehouses, owned by the American Ice company, were destroyed by fire here. The loss on the icehouses is estimated at \$60,000, while that on the schooners, the Henry L. Foss and Young Brothers, is about \$55,000.

As the icehouses were situated on the Kennebec river, near the tracks of the Maine Central railroad, it is believed that a spark from a passing locomotive ignited the structures.

Farmer Held for Peonage

Montgomery, Ala., July 1.—Charged with holding a family of whites in peonage for thirteen years, Oliver Enzor, farmer of Lapine, has been arrested on an indictment from the federal court.

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FIGURE PROBLEMS

Gems That Are to Be Found In the Old Arithmetics.

ALL OF THEM "PRACTICAL."

That Was What the Inquisitive Boy's Father Told Him, and the Lad Started Out to Verify the Statement—The "Practical" Examples He Dug Up.

Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father to help him solve the following problem:

"A, asked how much money he has in the bank, replied, 'If I had \$10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have.' How much money had A?"

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the easier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her 'If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by forty-two, I would be thirty years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is, he would be my age? What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my day we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic.

The librarian gave him "Richard's Natural Arithmetic." He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

"A puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures. Half go into one pasture, one-third into another and thirty-two into a third. How many in the flock?"

"That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has thirty-two. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book to be examined was Milne's Inductive Arithmetic, edition of 1870. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

"Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?"

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text written in 1888 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon (eighteen pounds) can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for eighteen twenty-four-pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

John turned to the Common School Arithmetic, edition of 1853. "He's I'm sure to find something good," he reflected and read:

"A hare starts up twelve rods before a hound, but she is not perceived by him till she has been up one and one-fourth minutes. She runs at the rate of thirty-six rods a minute, and the hounds run at the rate of forty rods a minute. How long will the race last, and what will be the distance the hounds run?"

"What difference does it make how far the hounds run?" John asked as he turned to the Scholar's Arithmetic, edition of 1897. The present high cost of living made the first problem impractical for present day purposes, John concluded. The problem was as follows:

"If I give eighty bushels of potatoes at 21 cents a bushel and 240 pounds of salt at 15 cents a pound for sixty-four bushels of salt, what is the salt worth a bushel?"

Another problem was:

"A good man driving his guest to market was met by another, who said, 'Good morrow, master, with your 100 geese.' Says he in reply, 'I have not 100 geese, but if I had half as many as I now have and two and one-half geese besides the number I now have already I should have 100.' How many geese had the man?"

How long would you permit a man to live if he made such an answer to you?"

"Pshaw!" John sighed as he wiped his forehead and handed the book back to the librarian. "Dad must have skipped these practical problems." — Kansas City Star.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.—Rocheboezauld.

A Pious Wish.

It was in a city hospital that a man refused to undergo an operation for appendicitis until his minister could be present.

"What do you want the minister here for?" asked the surgeon.

"Because I want to be opened with prayer," was the reply.—New York Tribune.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Don Platt's Client Had a Stunted Sense of Humor.

A quaint story about Don Platt is told in the "Recollections of a Varied Life," by George Cary Eggleston. The story is given in Mr. Platt's own words:

"When I was a young man trying to get into a law practice in Ohio and eager to advertise myself by appearing in court a fellow was indicted for arson. He came to me, explaining that he had no money with which to pay a lawyer, but that he thought I might like to appear in a case so important and that if I would do the best I could for him he stood ready to do anything for me that he could by way of recompense. I took the case, of course. It was a complex one, and it offered opportunities for browbeating and 'balling up' witnesses—a process that especially impresses the public with the sagacity of a lawyer who does it successfully. Then, if by any chance I should succeed in acquitting my client, my place at the bar would be assured as that of a sharp young fellow who had beaten the prosecuting attorney himself."

"But in telling my client I would take his case the demon of humor betrayed me. Just across the street from my lodgings was a negro church, and there was a 'revival' going on at the time. They 'revived' till 2 o'clock or later every night with shoutings that interfered with my sleep. With playful impulse I said to the accused man: 'You seem to be an expert in the arts of arson. If you'll burn that negro church I'll feel that you have paid me full price for my service in defending you.'

"I defended him, and as the witnesses against him were all of shady character I succeeded in securing his acquittal. About 4 o'clock the next morning a fire broke out under all four corners of that negro church, and before the local fire department got a quart of water into action it was a heap of smoldering ashes, hymn books and all. A week or so later I received a letter from my ex-client. He wrote from St. Louis, on his way west, he said. He expressed the hope that I was 'satisfied with results' and begged me to believe that he was 'a man of honor, who never failed to repay an obligation or reward a service.'

FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Darling Idea That Was Carried Out by Johann Comenius.

Some 300 years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toll on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentlewoman teacher, but of a bewigged and bearded university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the darling idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good here doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and entitled it the "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude woodcuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him.

As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.

Not the Same Spelling.

A stout man had recourse to doctor to see whether something could not be done to reduce his size. "It's a disgrace, doctor!" he cried. "Just look at this bay window of mine! Now, what would you advise?"

"Well," replied the physician, eying his waist line, "all I can suggest is to diet."

"All right, doctor, I'm willing. What color would you suggest?" — St. Louis Republic.

SIRS AND SONS.

Carnegie says he has made forty-two men millionaires.

The Right Rev. William Lawrence, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, has been elected president of the National Education Association.

Claude Grahame-White, the greatest of English aviators, is thirty years old.

For many years he has been an enthusiastic motorist and drifted naturally into the field of aviation.

Sir William Wilcox, the engineer who built Egypt's irrigation works, has been engaged by the Turks to reclaim the vast area of arid land in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers.

Fernard Forest, seventy years old, who lives at Suresnes, has just been recognized by France as the real inventor of the explosive motor and has had the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him.

Andrew D. White, former ambassador to Germany, cannot stand the odor of tobacco. He has been known to leave the Cosmopolitan club at Cornell university because he detected evidences of recent use of the weed.

George Murray Levick of the British navy, medical officer for the Scott antarctic expedition, served as surgeon aboard the British ship Essex and is widely known in the rugby football world as secretary of the Royal Navy Rugby Association, a position he has held since the formation of the union.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.—Rocheboezauld.

A Pious Wish.

It was in a city hospital that a man refused to undergo an operation for appendicitis until his minister could be present.

"What do you want the minister here for?" asked the surgeon.

"Because I want to be opened with prayer," was the reply.—New York Tribune.

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TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Don Platt's Client Had a Stunted Sense of Humor.

A quaint story about Don Platt is told in the "Recollections of a Varied Life," by George Cary Eggleston. The story is given in Mr. Platt's own words:

"What's this? This cause here in fine print?" asked the man who was taking out the accident insurance policy.

"That's a notification that we decline to be held responsible in cases of alleged plantiffs."

"Plantiffs? What the blue blazes is that?"

"That's the general name for a very common line of accidents that happen to men who are forced to move their wives' rubber plants about the house." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Human Interest.

I don't pretend to know the ways Of baseball men. I'm badged quite Right in writers who describe the plays In language weirdly erudite.

And yet I cheer and cheer again,

I love the pastime, truth to tell,

Because it gives me now and then

A chance to get outdoors and yell.

—Detroit News.

Not the Same Spelling.

A stout man had recourse to a doctor to see whether something could not be done to reduce his size. "It's a disgrace, doctor!" he cried. "Just look at this bay window of mine! Now, what would you advise?"

"Well," replied the physician, eying his waist line, "all I can suggest is to diet."

"All right, doctor; I'm willing. What color would you suggest?" — Philadelphia Press.

Application Refused.

Upon a bet the damsel wed. Ere many weeks, of course, She went before a judge and said She wanted a divorce.

The judge evinced but slight regret.

"And told her, with a snort: That one who married on a bet Should be a gamier sport."

—Kansas City Journal.

A Dirge.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst.

Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence, another cry, more silence; then all silent but for a guttural murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow. — Princeton Tiger.

Trouble Ahead.

Upon a bet the damsel wed.

She went before a judge and said She wanted a divorce.

The judge evinced but slight regret.

"And told her, with a snort: That one who married on a bet Should be a gamier sport."

—Kansas City Journal.

Tales of a Tail.

I've taken with a grain of salt

The wondrous things men do.

The speed they've made, the tales they've spun,

Have knocked me all askew,

But for the swiftest things afoot.

That never seem to fall.

Without exception are the yarns

About that comet's tail!

—Boston Herald.

Real Solitude.

Husband—You are quite comfortable, dear?

Wife—Yes, love.

The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweet."

"And there is no draft on my limb, is there?"

"No, my ownest own."

"Then change seats, with me—Ideas."

Trouble Ahead.

We do not care a rap.

About this liquid fuss.

Madonna.

By MISS MAUDE NOLAND.

The lady's garb was one of mourning, suggesting in its completeness a recent bereavement.

Having her for a fellow passenger on a Havana-bound steamerhip, one naturally inclined to Spain the even cream of her complexion, the deep dark of her eyes, the satin black of her hair, made more vivid by some few strands of silver spreading from the temples. When I first saw her I was startled and irresistibly drawn to her on account of her marvellous resemblance to my mother. My mother, however, was a Virginian, and despite her coloring, quite without Latin admixture. She died several years ago, leaving me no like-ness of herself except that, as those who had known her well would say, she lives again in me.

While it soon became plain to me that I in turn strongly attracted my fellow traveler, there was an eloquent appeal for "kindness" in her bearing that discouraged advances. The fleeting looks she accorded me tried to avoid my notice, but were full of a sad, shy tenderness that found a ready harbor in my heart.

We were three days out from New York, less than one day from Havana. The fulgent roll of the dinner gong's metallic thunder had cleared the deck of other passengers. I sat alone, deep in the beauty of the wanning tropic sun, watching that of pale rose and turquoise, the matchless lavender lights of the tropics, here distant, there blending, all whitening, soft to the sky, shimmering on the water, making evanescent opaline the very air through which we moved. A few of the earliest stars twinkled.

Presently, a soft swirl of skirt broke into my absorption, as a lady gowned in black stepped across the high threshold of the ship's empty drawing room and settled to a position of tranquil repose again at the doorpost not far from me. The scarf which she usually draped about her head and shoulders, mantilla fashion, when on deck, fluttered loosely to her hands. She did not see me. The west drew her immediate attention. But her still, deep eyes, in their slow wanderings, eventually discovered me. There was more of the tender light in them now, less of sadness, more of approachableness. In all the voyage, no word had passed between us.

"Ofelia," she said, a soft gleam in her face. "How did you know my name?" I leaned forward, thrilling to her voice, smooth and slow and low pitched like the Southern speech of my mother. I spoke in English although she had used the Spanish form of my name.

"Your question. But it was not accompanied by action as mine had been. The lady seemed so deeply subdued. 'It is my daughter's name,' she added, quietly.

"My mother, too," I supplemented, gladly.

"And mine," gently contributed the lady. Then the sweet mother look in her eyes: "You are very like my Ofelia."

"And you are so like my mother," I replied, a little afraid. But in a moment, with small reason perhaps, my heart filled with happiness, like a child's, and I laughed.

Did the lady's attitude quicken?

I was on my feet now. Placing my hand on the chair next unto I said, "Come, sit beside me."

She came with outstretched hands, and clasping both of mine hugged them to her bosom. She pressed her cheek warmly against my cheek.

"Ofelia, Ofelia!" she murmured, affectionately. Her body grew tense; her heavy, hot, quick tears fell on my hands. Suddenly, swiftly, without a word to explain, she let go my hands and left me.

It must have been then that she dropped her scarf, but I was as little cognizant as she of her loss.

The first of the diners were returning to the deck. I hastened to the front of the boat, where I hoped to be free from their companionship, and leaned on the rail—remembering, grieving, dreaming—while the twilight merged into the fresh velvet beauty of the early night.

"So per-don, señorito!"

Someone was addressing me in hectorious Spanish; I who thought myself unmistakably American.

Turning toward the voice I saw before me a little Scotch-looking gentleman with kindly bright blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. He held the lady's scarf toward me and bowed with punctilious elegance.

"Lascémos; no madrás-te, be olví-
-se madrás-te!"

His burly Spanish lapsed. The little man had recourse to English and gesticulation. "Your mother's veil—left in chancery." It was a communication difficult to render into pantomime, but he blushed not—nor be.

There was no help for it. It was impossible to interrupt his rapidly repeated phrases and illustrative valises. It is easy in the tropics, even in the cool of a November evening, for strenuous persons to exercise to the point of discomfort; and he soon ceased his efforts to hopefully observe their efforts on my intelligence.

As I hesitated, debating within myself whether it were kinder to answer in Spanish or English, he showed signs of renewing his struggle with my understanding.

"Oh," I protested, hurrying into English and unthanking words, "you have done enough, I understand."

He seemed to go limp. My eyes lowered not to witness his embarrassment.

Anxious to make amends, I assured him seriously he was very kind, that I was indeed grateful; but that I would gladly see the veil restored to her. During to look at him again, I saw him regarding me quizzically and was relieved to hear his small, genial laugh.

He studied me a moment, his curiosity shrouded by a desire not to appear rude.

"If you will excuse me speaking of it," he then said, "you and the lady are remarkably alike that but for your own words I should never have believed you were not another daughter."

"Another?"

"That is, of course," he amended, "in our mortal sense the other isn't really, I suppose, since she is dead. You know, (half-inquiringly) the casket containing the body is below on this ship."

I left him nearly as abruptly as the poor mother had left me.

So there was I. My cheek resting against the folds of the veil, I sat in a heap on my sister's sofa for hours. I was aroused by the entrance of my cabin mate and assailed by her lively conversation. Not caring for talk and unable to sleep I went up to the draw-

lug room to one of the little writing desks, at this hour neglected, and wrote a note of affection and sympathy to my lady of sorrow, appending an address by which she could always locate me. I gave it and the veil to the steward for delivery.

The next morning on the tray of food which the steward brought me was a little package, which I promptly opened, disclosing within an exquisite lace handkerchief. Daintily embroidered in a corner of the lace were the name "Ofelia."

That is all, so far. Perhaps some day my shadow may seek me out; perhaps I crossed her path at a time when her grief was keen, and I may never see her again.—Boston Post.

Tit for Tat.

A Long Island man was holding forth with respect to the "borrowing habit" so common in suburban communities, when he was reminded of the following instances:

A wife of inconsiderate manner, being just then engaged on an article on juvenile literature, learned that one authority he wished to consult—Edward von Hartmann—was to be found in the library of a lawyer of the place.

Accordingly, the writer repaired to the lawyer's house and asked the loan of the volume.

"You are entirely welcome to it," said the owner, "but you mustn't take it from my library. I'm sorry, but I've lost so many books through lending them that a year ago I registered a solemn vow never to let another volume leave my house."

The writer thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not avail himself of the privilege extended him.

Some time later the lawyer came to the writer and asked to borrow his lawn-mower.

"I am delighted to lend you my lawn-mower," said the writer, "though it is my rule never to permit it to leave my lawn."

The writer thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not avail himself of the privilege extended him.

Some time later the lawyer came to the writer and asked to borrow his lawn-mower.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In pending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Misleading queries as brief as is consistent with clearness, and which are on one side of the paper only, and the answers to them on the other side of the paper, the question in the query and the signature, etc., left addressed to contributors, etc., to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. STILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1910.

NOTES.

Maternal Ancestry of Thomas Wau-ton Segar, of Westerly, R. I.

Married, Born April 20th, 1812, at South Kingstown, R. I. Elizabeth T. Browning 1st, Jane C. Bradford 2nd.

Father, Thomas Segar, Jr., son of Thomas Segar and Rebecca B. Segar, died in Lebanon, Ct., September 19th, 1850.

Mother, Rebecca Ward, Great Grand-Daughter of Governor Richard Ward, Born July 28, 1793, died Jan. 22, 1868, aged 75 years.

Grandfather, Freeman 1760 Richard Ward, Born 1727 at Newport, R. I., died 1807. Muriel Elizabeth Nixon 1770.

Great Grandfather, Thomas Ward, oldest son of Richard Ward of Newport. Born October 24th, 1711, died December 21st, 1780 aged 69 years. Married Content Coggin, 1736. He was elected Secretary of the Colony of R. I. May 1746, to which office he was annually elected until December 21, 1760, the date of his death, a period of fourteen years.

Great Great Grandfather, Governor Richard Ward, Born April 15, 1689, at Newport. Died August 21, 1763, aged 75 years. Married Nov. 2, 1709, Mary Tillington, who died 1767 aged 78 years.

Great Great Grandfather, His father, Thomas Ward, came from Gloucester, England, and settled at Newport in 1660. Born 1641, died 1680, aged 48 years. Married Amy Smith, grand-daughter of Roger Williams. He was ancestor of two governors and three Secretaries of State in the male line as was Roger Williams in the female line.

Fourth Great Grandfather, John Ward (father of Thomas) was a Captain in one of Cromwell's cavalry regiments, in the reign of Charles I. He came over on the death of his son, and died at Newport in 1693.

The Ward family held a high rank and occupied an important position in the early history of Newport.

"We have felt called upon," says Peterson in his History of Rhode Island, "to chronic the interesting part which they took in the politics of the Colony. Governor Richard Ward was elected in 1712 Attorney General of the Colony. In May, 1714, appointed Recorder or Secretary of the Colony, which office he held until 1738, a period of sixteen years. In 1740 he was elected Deputy Governor. On the death of Governor John Wanton he was appointed for the remainder of the year. In 1741 and 1742 he was elected Governor. His eldest son, Thomas, was Secretary of the Colony fourteen years. The second son, Samuel, was elected Chief Justice 1761; in 1762 he was elected Governor, succeeding Governor Stephen Hopkins. He was elected again in 1765 and 1766. On July 1774 he with Stephen Hopkins was appointed to represent the Colony in the first Continental Congress, and again in 1776 to the Second.

He died March 20, 1776 at Philadelphia of small-pox, aged 51 years.

Henry Ward, the youngest brother, was appointed Secretary of the Colony in place of Thomas Ward, deceased, in 1769 to which office he was annually elected until his death 1797, a period of 87 years. The office of Secretary was held by the father and two sons a period of seventy years.

JEWEY FAMILY RE-UNION—Rowley, Massachusetts, was settled by the Jewett family in 1639, and there are many interesting things in connection with the early history of this family. In 1855, a family reunion was held there, and it is proposed to hold another there, July 7, 1910, hoping that sufficient interest will be shown to form a permanent organization. It is hoped that every one interested in the family will be present, and will tell every one about the reunion. It is important to know how many to plan for, and the committee would be glad to hear from any one interested. For information address: A. D. Jewett, 45 East 22d. St., New York City.

QUERIES.

6729. STANTON—Who was Robert Stanton, of Newport, Mariner. Will dated December 11, 1711; proved March 10, 1712. Mentioned eldest son Daniel Thurston, father-in-law John Easton; son Edward Thurston; son Benjamin Thurston; son James Thurston; son John Thurston; son Peter Thurston; Elizabeth Collins; Mary Thompson; cousin Captain Edward Thurston, executor. —E. W.

6730. TAYLOR—Who was Elizabeth Taylor. Administration granted to daughter Margaret, widow of Caleb Hargill, now wife of Thomas Bingham. —M. T.

6731. THURSTON—Who was Daniel Thurston, of Newport. Will dated July 18, 1712. Inventory presented August 17, 1712. Mentioned eldest son Daniel Thurston; father-in-law John Easton; son Edward Thurston; son Benjamin Thurston; son James Thurston; son John Thurston; son Peter Thurston; Elizabeth Collins; Mary Thompson; cousin Captain Edward Thurston, executor. —E. W.

6732. THURSTON—Who was Daniel Thurston, son of Daniel, over 14 years. Guardianship granted to Samuel Collier, May 6, 1718. —C. B.

6733. WILKINS—Who was Samuel Wilkins, of Newport, Husbandman. Will dated January 25, 1711-12; proved February 4, 1712. Mentioned children Mary and Abraham Wilkins; children Christopher and Susannah; my honored mother; former wife Sarah Wilkins; and her father Philip Lowyer, of Salem Mass.; mariner, deceased; Benjamin Stacy; Benjamin Stacy Jr.; Joseph Stacy; friend Benjamin Stacy, Jr. of Newport, executor. —E. W.

6734. WILLIAMS—Who was Thomas Williams, late of Barbadoes. Will dated

March 19, 1708-9; recorded April 13, 1709. Mentioned on Thomas Williams; friend Prudence Dore; mother Margaret Williams; sister Margaret; sister Bessie; brother Richard. —B. S.

6725. VAUGHAN—Who was John Vaughan, of Newport? Died September 6, 1705; proved Feb. 5, 1710-11. Mentioned grandson John Vaughan; grandson Daniel Vaughan; son John Vaughan; brother Thomas Weaver; cousin John Vaughan; son John executor. —E. A. B.

6726. ROGERS—Ebenezer Rogers born Sept. 5, 1759, in New London; married Thankful, widow of Elihu Avery. He was a blacksmith and served his time with John Dodge; removed to Cayuga Co., N. Y., and settled there. Would like to know the birth dates of his children. —O. L. P.

6727. SPOONER—Would like to know the date of birth and the date of death of Lucy Spooner. She married Oct. 4, 1764, Job Aiden, son of David and Judith Aiden. —D. S.

6728. LILLIBRIDGE—Who were the parents of Mary Lillibridge, born 1769, married George Watson Hazard. —B. M.

6729. ROGERS—Wanted date of birth of George M. Rogers, who married Esther Skifford April 6, 1811. —W. R.

MIDDLETOWN.

Miss Jessie Farham, a former teacher at the Peabody School, now of the Tuckerton High School, New Jersey, returned home Thursday for her summer vacation, also Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony of the Mount Clare Grammar and Miss Edith M. Peckham of the Morristown Grammar, New Jersey.

Mr. William H. Sisson, West Main road, has been confined to his bed the past ten days by an acute attack of relapsing rheumatism from which he has been a sufferer for a year past.

Rev. and Mrs. P. Conover and family of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Ball, Jr., of Philadelphia, and family have opened their summer cottages on Indian avenue for the season.

The sum of \$82 was cleared on Saturday last as the result of the chowder dinner and garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes at their home, "Lone Elm Place," Braman's Lane, for the benefit of the choir funds of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches.

Rev. Laits Griswold preached on last Sunday twenty-fifth anniversary sermon on St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The sermon gave a general survey of the conception and growth of the chapel and of the clergy and friends who have been so closely associated with its entire life.

Rev. John B. Diman and Rev. At-
t. N. Pease of St. George's School
sailed for Europe Saturday last. Mr. Diman will remain some six weeks in France. Mr. Pease expects to spend the entire summer in various portions of the continent.

A recent offertory taken at the Berk-
ley Memorial Chapel for St. Andrews' Industrial School, Providence, amounted to \$65.

The Peabody School is undergoing an extensive renovation.

Memorial services will be held on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel for the late Bishop the Rt. Rev. Wm. N. McVey, who died in Providence on Tuesday. The chapel will be draped in mourning and on Friday, during the funeral services, the chapel bell will toll.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange to be held on Thursday next at the town hall, a patriotic program will be presented in charge of Mrs. Eliza-
A. Peckham who will be assisted by members of the Grand Army. The Warren-Lawton Post will be the guests of the evening.

On Monday Mr. William H. Sher-
man of Mitchell's lane, who has been ill for many months, was taken with sinking spells lapsing into unconsciousness at 5.30 o'clock, from which he failed to rally. He commenced to suffer about six months ago soon after a fall to his barn and from that time has failed steadily. He was very well known having lived for 30 years on Mitchell's lane. He was born on Valley road August 10, 1841, and was the second child of William and Lydia White Sherman. By profession he was a milkman and farmer and was a man greatly respected for his staunch principles and industrious upright life.

In 1866 he married Miss Annie Gardner of North Kingstown who survives him as do also the following children: Mrs. George Wyatt and Mrs. Edward Irish of Middletown; Harry Sherman of Portsmouth; Willard Ward Sherman of Westerly; Chester Arthur Sherman of Hope Valley, and Charles Augustus Sherman of Middletown. His surviving brothers and sisters are as follows: Southwick Sherman of New York; Mary, widow of Wm. Lovey Tiley of Newport; Roger Sherman of Fall Haven, and Theodore Sherman of Middletown.

Election of Officers.

R. H. S. Alumni Association.

President—Edward A. Sherman, '97.
First Vice President—Miss Marian G. Dowling, '98.
Second Vice President—Norman T. Flud-
der.

Secretary—Miss Phoebe Coggeshall, '02.
Treasurer—E. K. Stevens, '78.

Statistician—Miss Grace H. Gilpin, '91.

Literary Committee—Philip B. Case, '01.

Social Committee—Miss Susan W. Swin-
burne, '98; Miss Francis A. Corbett, '02.

George W. Brownell, '97; George F. Cozans, '98; Miss Pauline Stevens, '10; Mrs. William R. Harvey, '02; Charles H. Sherman, '03.

Historical Catalogue Committee—Joseph W. Blaine, '98; Miss Grace H. Gilpin, '91; Miss Helen W. Thompson, '98; Miss Joseph W. Blaine, '00.

Not the Place for it.

He was writing the libretto for a comic opera. Suddenly he smiled.

He had stumbled on a broad-new joke.

He was a student of jokes, a collector, a reviser, an adapter, a faddist. He subjected the joke to every known test.

Finally he gave it the third degree. There was no longer any doubt of its originality.

He read his manuscript over care-
fully, and, sighing heavily, stated at

He realized there was no place for it in the libretto.

He left it out and went on writing.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There should be a school for bus-
bands, with a special course in book-
binding dresses up the back.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

"I can't tell, because I've lost
my chicken swallowed it, you know."

—Chicago News.

6729. STANTON—Who was Robert

Stanton, of Newport, Mariner. Will

dated December 11, 1711; proved

March 10, 1712. Mentioned eldest son

Daniel Thurston; father-in-law John

Easton; son Edward Thurston; son

Benjamin Thurston; son James Thurston;

son John Thurston; son Peter Thurston;

Elizabeth Collins; Mary Thompson;

cousin Captain Edward Thurston,

executor. —E. W.

6730. TAYLOR—Who was Elizabeth

Taylor. Administration granted to

daughter Margaret, widow of Caleb

Hargill, now wife of Thomas Bingham.

—M. T.

6731. THURSTON—Who was Daniel

Thurston, of Newport. Will dated

July 18, 1712. Inventory presented

August 17, 1712. Mentioned eldest son

Daniel Thurston; father-in-law John

Easton; son Edward Thurston; son

Benjamin Thurston; son James Thurston;

son John Thurston; son Peter Thurston;

Elizabeth Collins; Mary Thompson;

cousin Captain Edward Thurston,

executor. —E. W.

6732. THURSTON—Who was Daniel

Thurston, son of Daniel, over 14 years.

Guardianship granted to Samuel Collier,

May 6, 1718. —C. B.

6733. WILKINS—Who was Samuel

Wilkins, of Newport, Husbandman.

Will dated January 25, 1711-12; proved

February 4, 1712. Mentioned children

Mary and Abraham Wilkins; children

Christopher and Susannah; my honored

mother; former wife Sarah Wilkins;

and her father Philip Lowyer, of Salem Mass.; mariner, deceased; Benjamin Stacy; Benjamin Stacy Jr.; Joseph Stacy; friend Benjamin Stacy, Jr. of Newport, executor. —E. W.

6734. WILLIAMS—Who was Thomas

Williams, late of Barbadoes. Will dated

March 10, 1712. —C. B.

6735. WILKINS—Who was Samuel

Wilkins, of Newport, Husbandman.

Will dated January 25, 1711-12; proved

February 4, 1712. Mentioned children

Mary and Abraham Wilkins; children

Christopher and Susannah; my honored

mother; former wife Sarah Wilkins;

and her father Philip Lowyer, of Salem Mass